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The Mother Goose

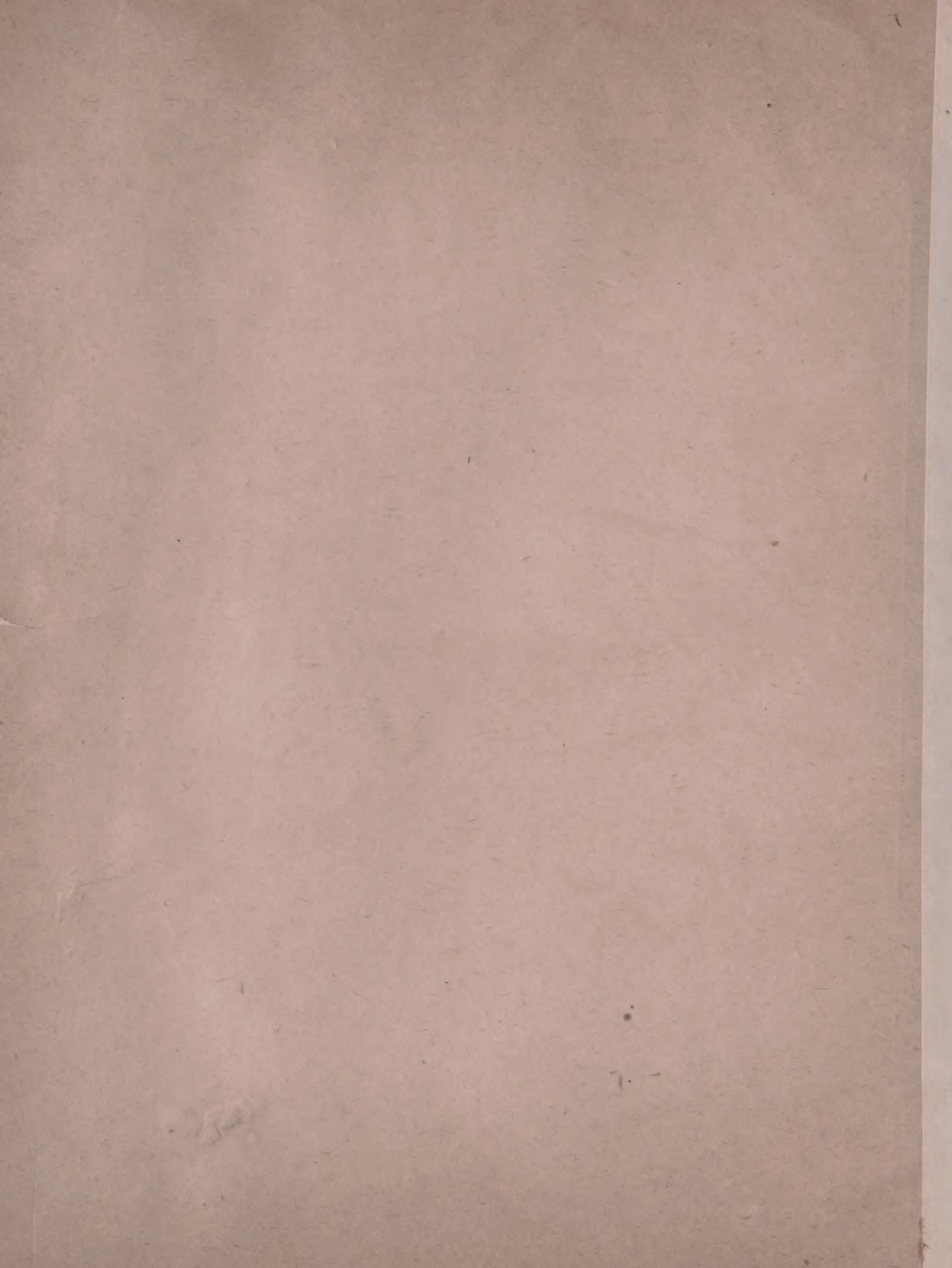
Goose Slings

BY

ELEANOR W. TALBOT

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & Co.
NEW YORK, LONDON & PARIS.





THE MOTHER



GOSLINGS.

By

ELEANOR W. TALBOT

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To Allen W, Harry, Alice
George, Arthur, Howard
and Louise G.

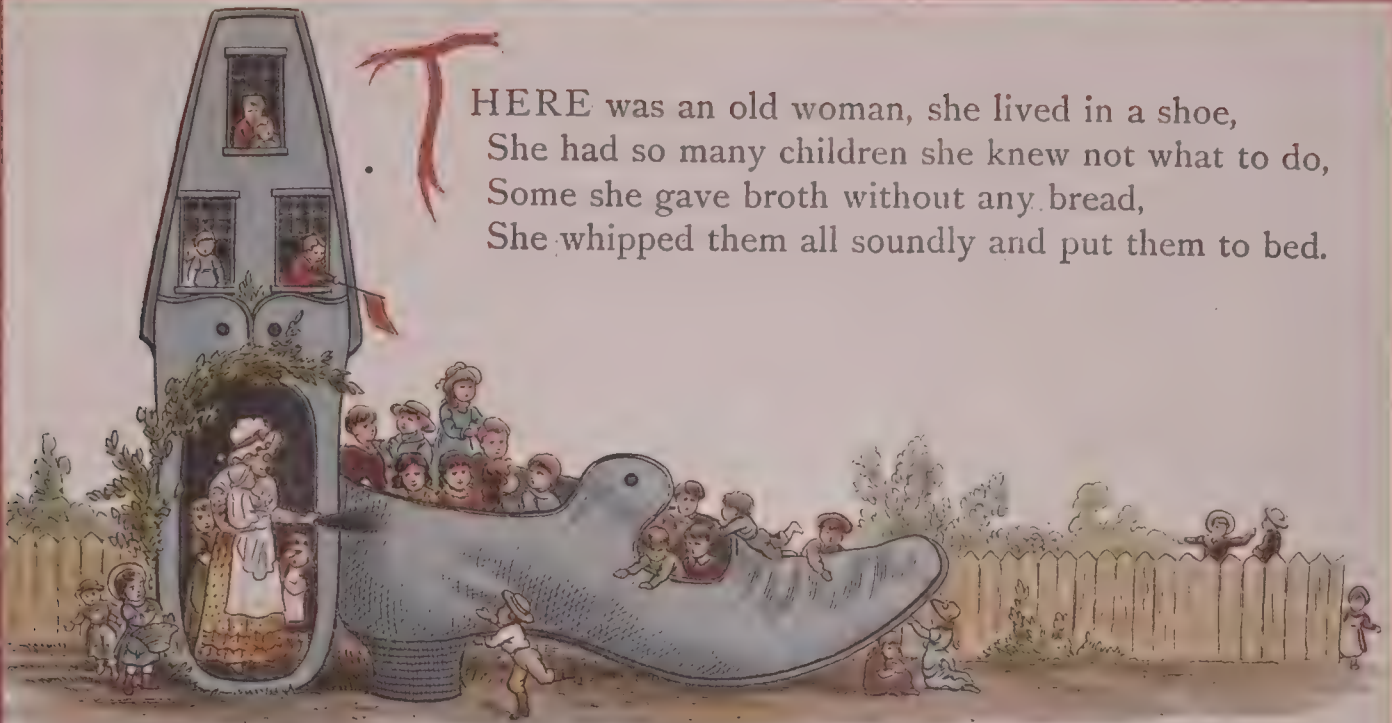
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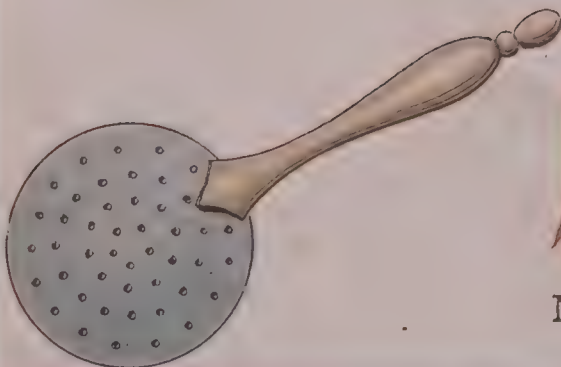
L

ITTLE boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
What! is this the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?

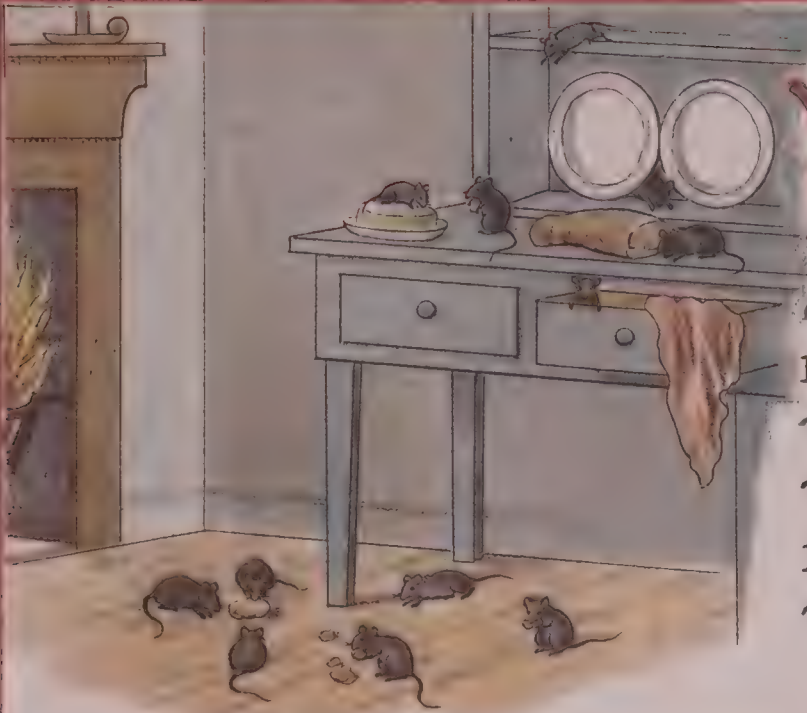


THERE was an old woman, she lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she knew not what to do,
Some she gave broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

RUB a dub dub,
Three maids at a tub,
And who do you think
was there?
The Butcher, the Baker,
The Candlestick-maker,
And all of them
Gone to the fair.



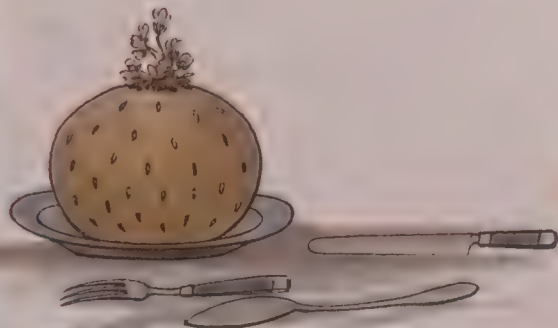
HEIGH ding a ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four and twenty. I'm half starving!
Mother, pray give me some dinner.



WHEN I was a little boy,
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got,
I put upon a shelf ;
The rats and the mice,
They made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London
To buy me a wife.

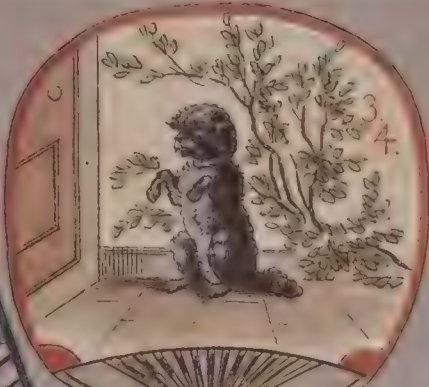
The streets were so broad,
And the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife
home


In a new wheelbarrow ;
The wheelbarrow broke,
And my wife had a fall,
Down came the wheel-
barrow,
Wife and all.

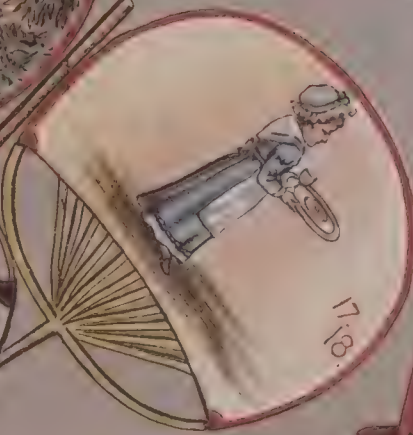
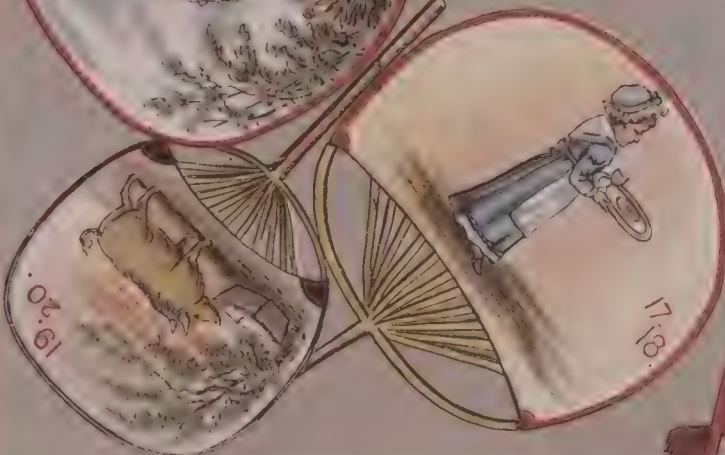
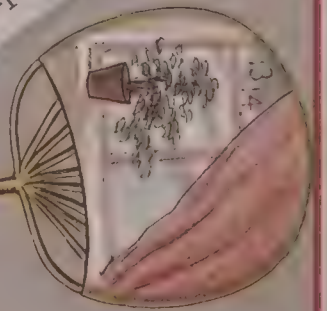


CHARLEY Wag
Ate the pudding
And left the bag.






ONE, Two—buckle my shoe ;
 Three, Four—open the door ;
 Five, Six—pick up sticks ;
 Seven, Eight—lay them straight ;
 Nine, Ten—a good fat hen ;
 Eleven, Twelve—toil and delve ;
 Thirteen, Fourteen—draw the curtain ;
 Fifteen, Sixteen—maids in the kitchen ;
 Seventeen, Eighteen—she is waiting ;
 Nineteen, Twenty—my stomach's empty .





T

HE man in the moon
Came down too soon
To inquire the way to Norridge:
The man in the south
He burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum porridge.

LAVENDER blue,
And Rosemary green,
When I am king
You shall be queen:
Call up my maids
At four of the clock,
Some to the wheel
And some to the rock;
Some to make hay,
And some to shell corn,
So they shall spend
The early dawn.



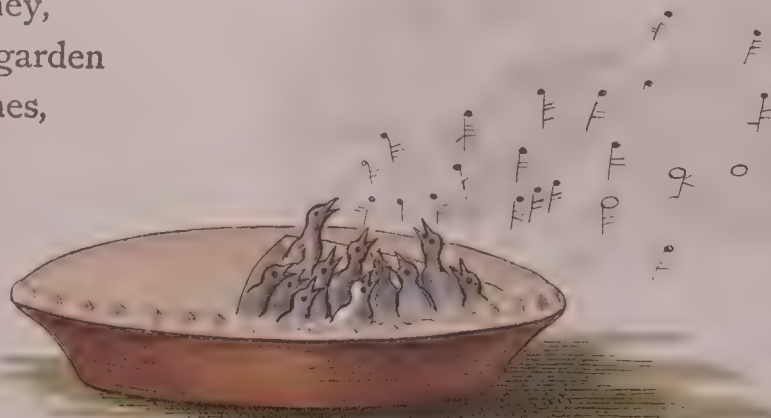
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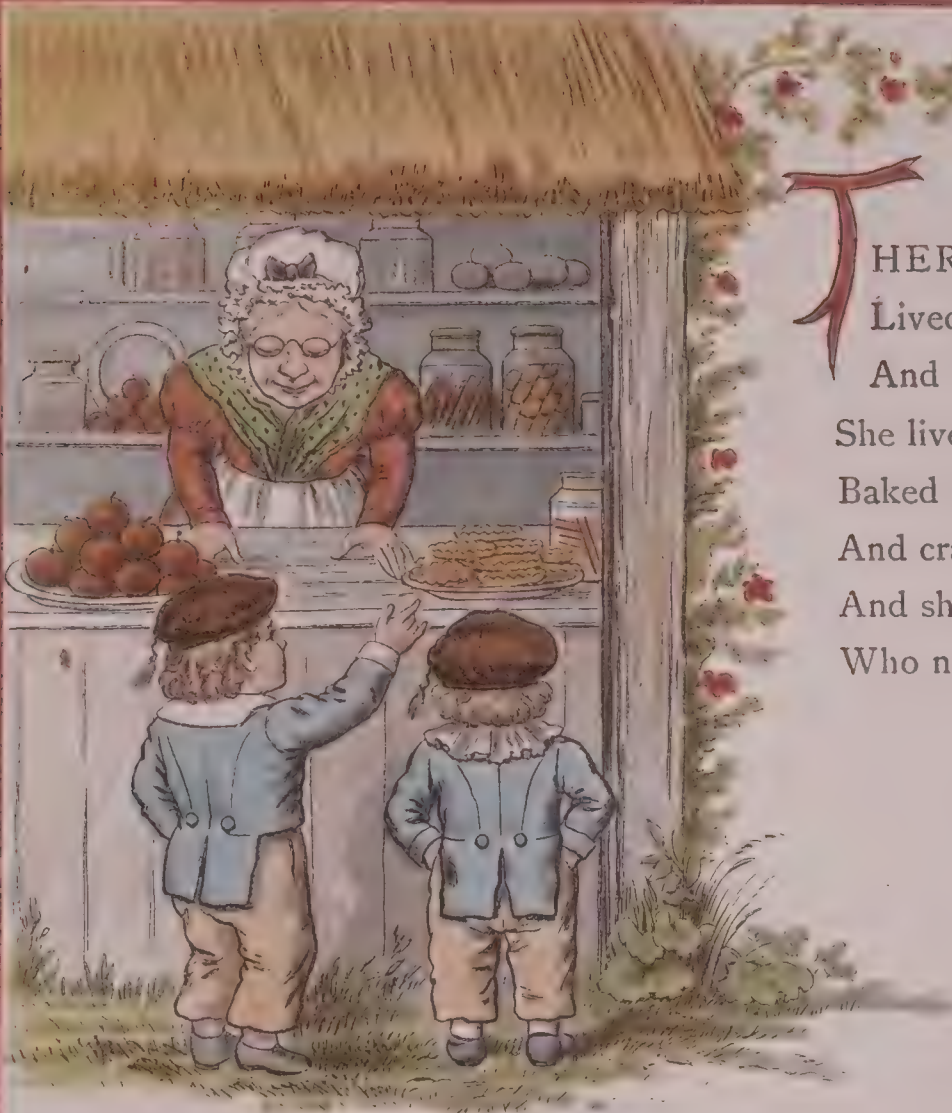
HOE the colt, shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail, there a nail,
Colt must go bare.



SING a song o' sixpence,
A bag full o' rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds

Baked in a pie :
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing ;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?
The king was in the parlor,
Counting out his money,
The queen was in the kitchen
Eating bread and honey,
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little
 blackbird,
And nipped off her
 nose.



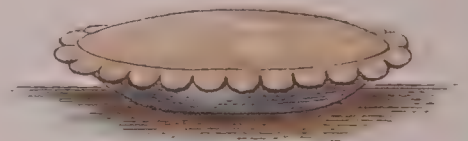


THERE was an old woman
Lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone
She lives there still.
Baked apples she sold,
And cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman
Who never told lies.



THERE were two blind men went to see
Two cripples run a race,
The bull did fight the bumble bee,
And scratched him in the face.

ROUND about, 'round about,
Gooseberry pie,
My father loves good ale,
And so do I.

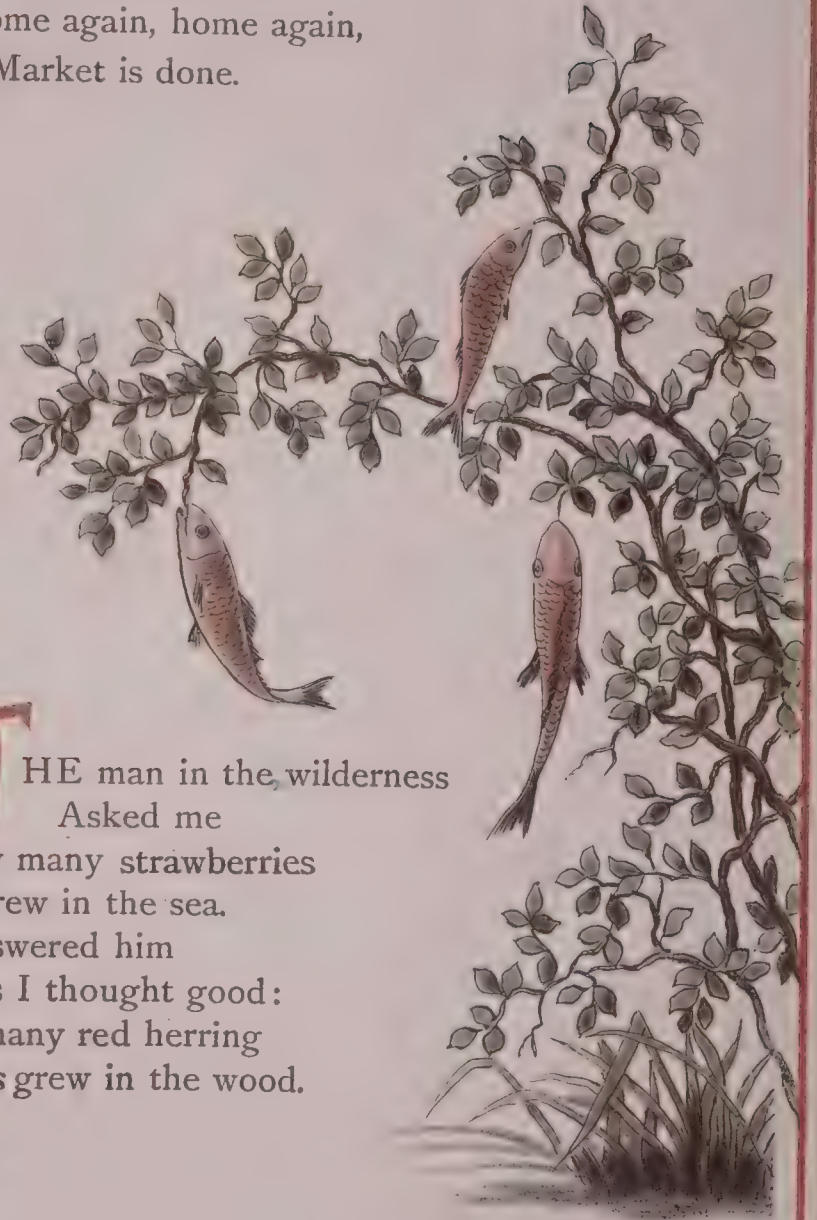




TO market, to market,
To buy a penny bun ;
Home again, home again,
Market is done.



THE man in the wilderness
Asked me
How many strawberries
Grew in the sea.
I answered him
As I thought good :
As many red herring
As grew in the wood.



SING, sing ! What shall I sing ?
Cat's run away
With the pudding-bag string.





HERE was an old woman
Tost up in a blanket,
Seventy times as high as the moon,
What she did there, I cannot tell you,
But in her hand she carried a broom.
Old woman, Old woman, Old woman,
said I,
Oh whither, Oh whither, Oh whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by,



HE Cuckoo is a bonny bird,
She sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.

She sucks little birds' eggs
To make her voice clear,
And never cries Cuckoo
Till Spring of the year.

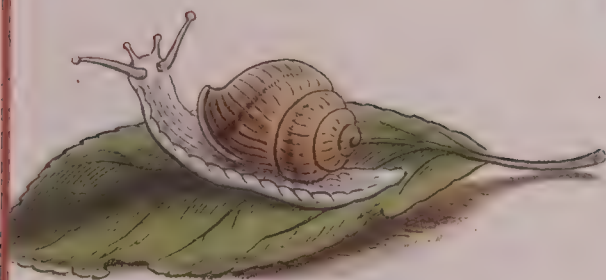




BOBBY Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow
hair;
He's my love for evermore,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

LITTLE Jack Herner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a great boy am I!"



SNAIL, Snail,
Come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you
Black as a coal.
Snail, Snail, put out your head,
Or else I will beat you
Thinking you're dead.

PEASE porridge hot, pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot nine days old.
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot nine days old.





LET us go to the wood, says Richard to Robin,
Let us go to the wood, says Robin to Bobin,
Let us go to the wood, says John all alone,
Let us go to the wood, says every one.

What to do there? says Richard to Robin,
What to do there? says Robin to Bobin,
What to do there? says John all alone,
What to do there? says every one.

We'll shoot at a wren, says Richard to Robin,
We'll shoot at a wren, says Robin to Bobin,
We'll shoot at a wren, says John all alone,
We'll shoot at a wren, says every one.

She's dead, she's dead, says Richard to Robin,
She's dead, she's dead, says Robin to Bobin,
She's dead, she's dead, says John all alone,
She's dead, she's dead, says every one.



19
HOW get her home? says Richard to Robin,
How get her home? says Robin to Bobin,
How get her home? says John all alone,
How get her home? says every one.

In a cart and six horses, says Richard to Robin,
In a cart and six horses, says Robin to Bobin,
In a cart and six horses, says John all alone,
In a cart and six horses, says every one.

How shall we dress her? says Richard to Robin,
How shall we dress her? says Robin to Bobin,
How shall we dress her? says John all alone,
How shall we dress her? says every one.

We'll hire seven cooks, says Richard to Robin,
We'll hire seven cooks, says Robin to Bobin,
We'll hire seven cooks, says John all alone,
We'll hire seven cooks, says every one.





T WAS once upon a time, when Jenny Wren was young,
So daintily she danced, and so prettily she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart, for he was a gallant bird,
So he doffed his hat to Jenny Wren, requesting to be heard.

“O, dearest Jenny Wren, if you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry pie and drink new currant wine,
I’ll dress you like a goldfinch, or any peacock gay;
So dearest Jen., if you’ll be mine, let us appoint the day.”

Jenny blushed behind her fan, and thus declared her mind:
“Since, dearest Bob, I love you well, I’ll take your offer kind;
Cherry pie is very nice, and so is currant wine,
But I must wear my plain brown gown, and never go too fine.”



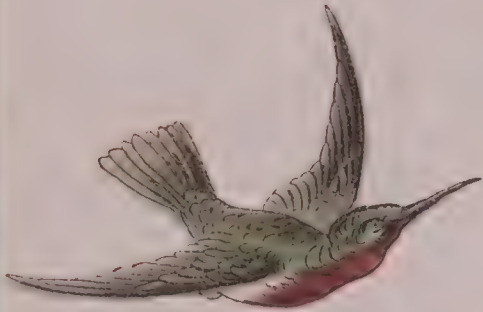
CUSHY Cow bonny, let down your milk,
And I will give you a gown of silk,
A gown of silk and a silver tree,
If you’ll let down your milk to me.



AMANDA, the doll, took cold in her head,
So Jane is quickly making the bed,
While Margaret sits on the floor, as you see,
And doses Amanda with catnip tea.
Each, instead of trying to tease,
Does all she can the other to please.
Thus, though outside it is rainy weather,
There is sunshine inside, and they're happy together.



'LL tell you a story
About Mary Morey,
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About her brother,
And now my story's done.



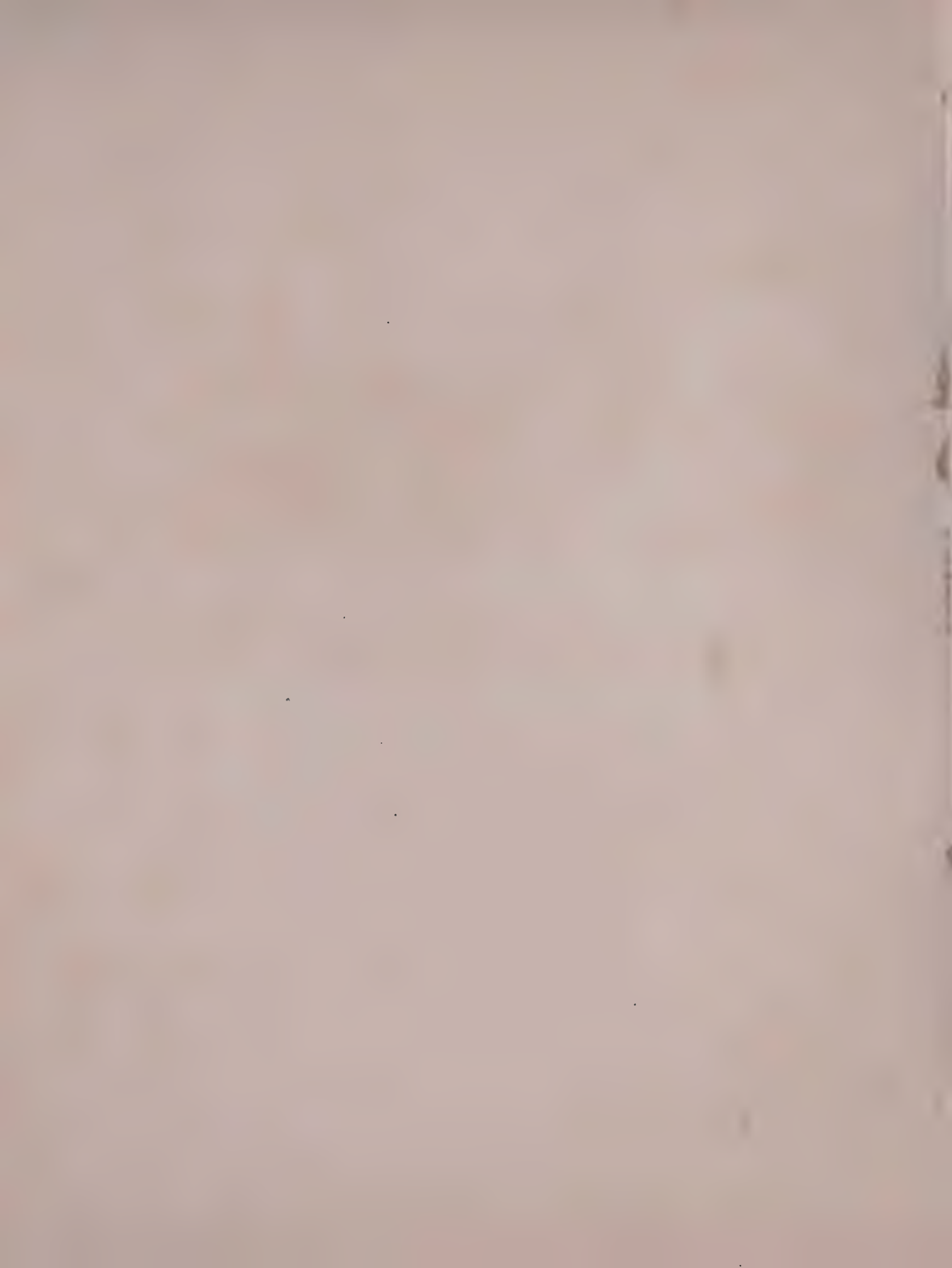
LADY-BIRD, Lady-bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

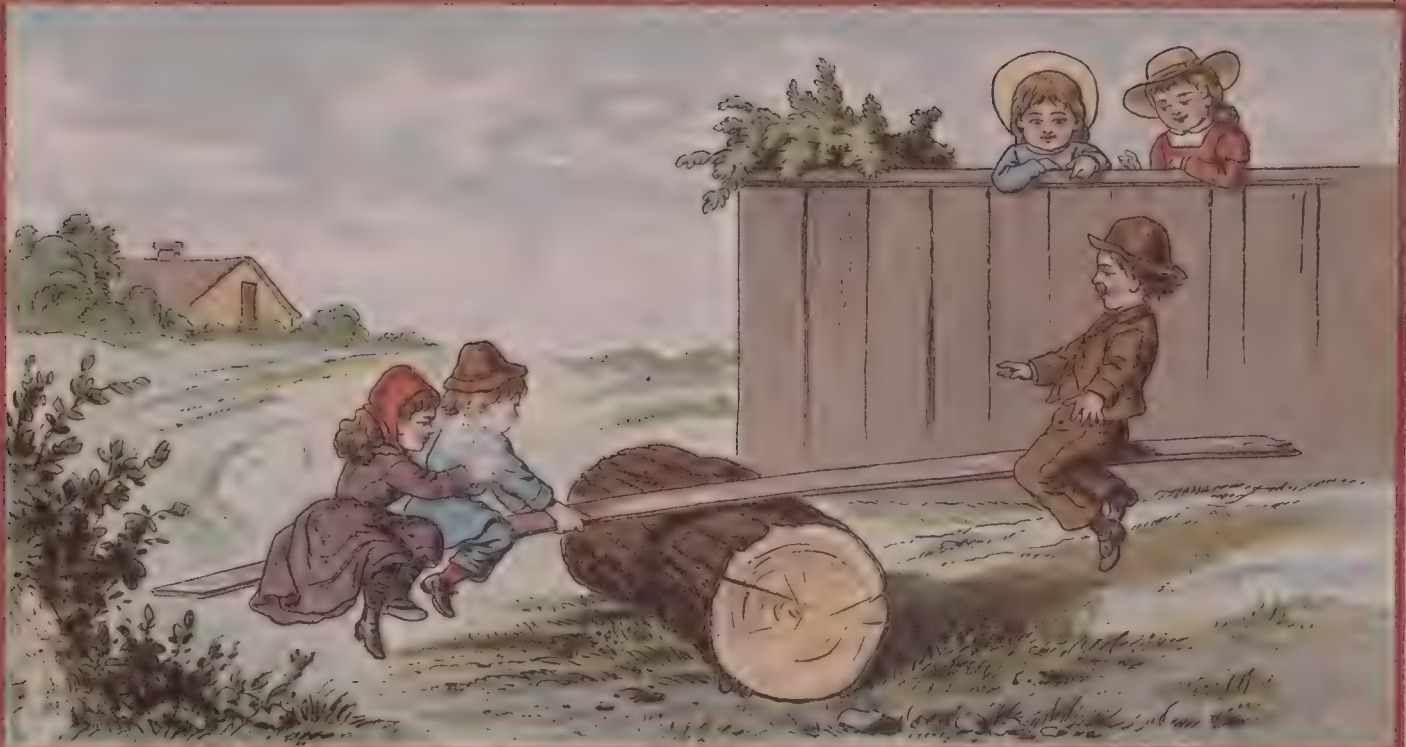


THE two gray Kits
And the gray Kits' mother
All went over
The bridge together.
The bridge broke down,
They all fell in,
"May the rats
Go with you,"
Says Tom Bolin.



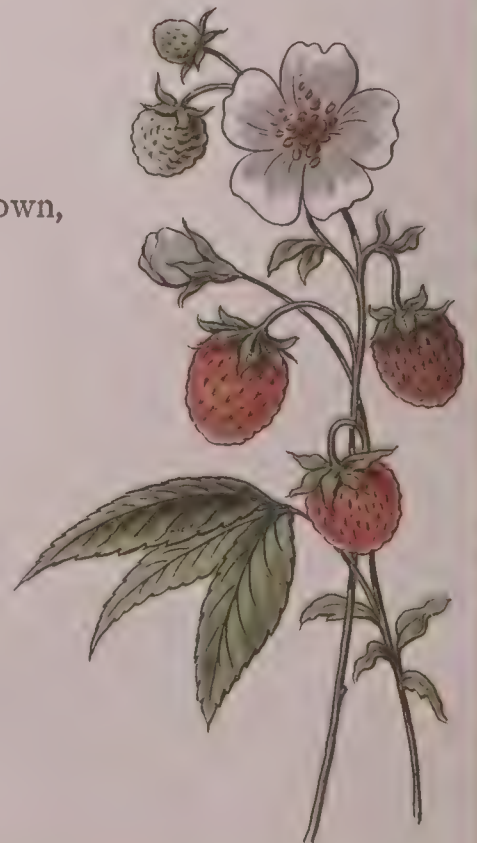
Poor little Margaret and Jane
Are under a cloud which threatens rain!
One little girl so teased the other
She said she would go and tell her mother.
Then Margaret said Jane's dolly was old,
That her hair would not curl, and her ring was not gold,
Thus, notwithstanding the bright spring weather
Little Margaret and Jane are not happy together.





THE whole world goes first up, then down,
According to my view ;
And only yesterday I heard
My mother say so too.

I could not see why *she* thought so,
For *she* was sitting still !
And when I asked her, she replied,
When you are a man you will !





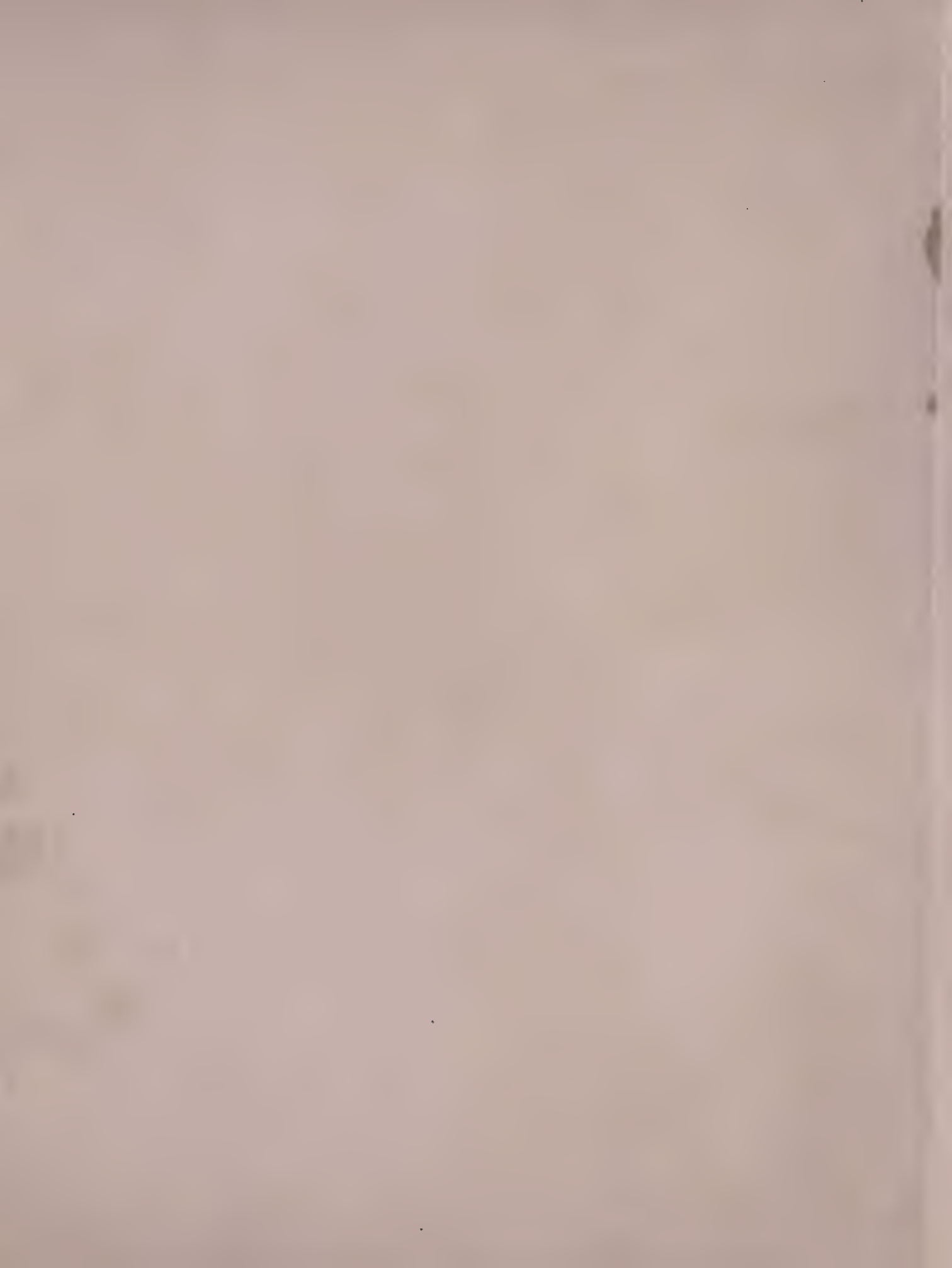


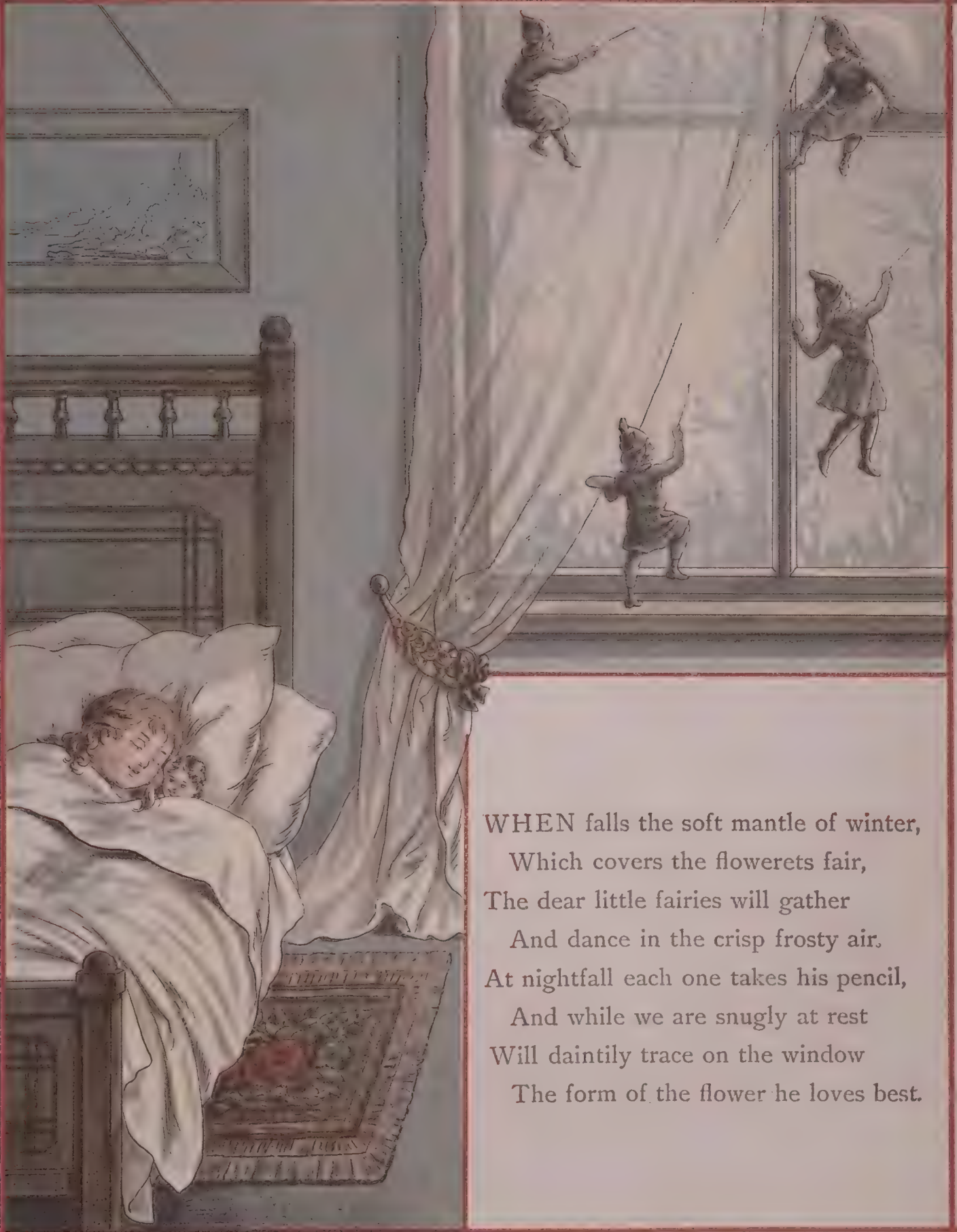
ERE are the gay little people
Who guard the tall cardinal-flowers,
Down by the brook in the meadow
They sport through the bright autumn hours.
They ride on the dragon-fly's pinions,
Their boats are green leaves on the stream,
Their table the bright scarlet toad-stool,
Set with nectar and berries and cream.





THESE are the dear little fairies
Who care for arbutus in spring,
Who brush off the snow from its cradle
With plumes from the first blue-bird's wing.
They open the robes of soft flannel
Which hide the wee buds from our sight,
And tenderly watch while they waken,
And the rosy hue flushes the white.





WHEN falls the soft mantle of winter,
Which covers the flowerets fair,
The dear little fairies will gather
And dance in the crisp frosty air.
At nightfall each one takes his pencil,
And while we are snugly at rest
Will daintily trace on the window
The form of the flower he loves best.



The Mother Goose

Gooslings

CH. 86

BY

ELEANOR W. TALBOT

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